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The Bell Ringer

Vol. 34, No. 2

MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

June, 1978

MBA HAS SECOND PROM

by Rhea Gustafson

On April 8, the Junior Class undertook the task of continuing the recently established tradition by presenting the second annual MBA Junior-Senior Prom.

Benefiting from the experience gained last year, the Junior Class equalled the performance of last year's Junior Class by creating a very attractive Southern Plantation setting.

The entire Junior Class willingly sold candy bars to the students and their friends to help raise money for the occasion. Having raised sufficient funds to cover construction and decoration costs, the junior officers—Erich Groos, Scott Reigle, Porter Durham and Tom Stumb—diligently went to work on the backdrop for the presentation of the seniors. With the help of several other students and Dr. Crowell, this "motley" crew produced a good facsimile of a porch of a Southern Plantation.

Through a flawless performance, Mr. Drake, with the help of some back-up music from the band, announced the Senior Class and Upper School class officers with expertise. The highlight of the presentation was the stately entrance of Wenning "Mr. Class" Hardin com-



plete with cape and cane.

Following the presentation, the talented group "Shotgun" performed well for the enthusiastic crowd on the dance floor. With the help of the faculty who were chaperones, the crowd, in high spirits and in ecstatic enjoyment demonstrated much discipline.

Concluding the evening of "celebration," the various classes in the Upper School had their respective

breakfasts. At least half the Senior Class attended its breakfast and the other classes had similar turnouts. The students attending the breakfasts found the time very useful for ending the evening as this gave them a chance to relax after an exciting evening.

The combination of a fine presentation and a good and satisfying breakfast made the prom a great success. Everyone attending the second annual MBA Prom seemed to enjoy it, and the Junior Class will be expecting a continuation of this tradition next year.

'78-'79 Elections Held

Senior Class '78-'79

President—Erich Groos
Vice President—Porter Durham
Secretary—Scott Riegle
Treasurer—Jody Johnson

Junior Class '78-'79

President—Philip Altenber
Vice President—Owen Lipscomb
Secretary—Jim Warnock
Treasurer—Russell Regen

Sophomore Class '78-'79

President—Don Brothers
Vice President—Hartley Hall
Secretary—Anderson Spickard
Treasurer—Ken Nichols

Honor Council Seniors

President—Bruce Campbell
Vice President—Craig Stewart
Secretary—Trey Alford
Treasurer—Danny Todd

Honor Council Juniors

Randy Henderson
Bill Herbert
Chris Whitson

Honor Council Sophomores

Steve Hines
Scott Tunc

Mr. Carter Found Innocent

by Eric Fenichel

On December 18 an article appeared in the *Tennessean* stating that Metro Fire Marshal Howard Boyd was seeking the arrest of the three officials responsible for the locked doors at gymnasiums during basketball games. Several subsequent articles followed in both the *Tennessean* and *Banner*, which led one to believe that Mr. Carter was threatened with arrest or heavy fines. Many students, alumni, and friends of the school became confused by this report.

The accusation by Mr. Boyd was that exit doors in the gymnasium were locked, thus creating a fire hazard. Mr. Boyd claimed that the reason why the doors were locked was that the principals feared that people would enter the games without paying. Mr. Carter said, however, that his primary concern was preventing thefts in the locker rooms.

As a result of Mr. Boyd's inspection, Mr. Carter had to sign a warrant for his own arrest. The *Tennessean* reported that Mr. Carter was sentenced to attend a seminar on fire prevention. No

such sentence was ever made. In fact, upon further examination, Mr. Boyd realized that the gymnasium had the proper number of exits for the seating capacity. Therefore, because the doors were not necessary exits for basketball games, all charges were eventually dropped. He told Mr. Carter that he could keep the doors locked and take the exit sign down.

Many students were puzzled, however, over the fire prevention steps taken even though the charges were dropped. Those revisions that were immediately noticed were the steps in the cafeteria and the fire wall in the locker room. These precautions were not taken as a result of the accusations by Mr. Boyd. They had been ordered by Mr. Boyd after an inspection of the school in January of 1977.

Mr. Carter sent a letter to all students, alumni, and friends of the school explaining the errors in the newspaper reports. Many alumni and other principals gave Mr. Carter their support and told him that they were irate over the fallacious reports in the newspapers.

On February 21 Mr. Carter found out the final disposition of the court; the case was dismissed. Thus, the matter was closed, Mr. Carter returned to his regular duties, and all concern over the problem subsided.

Totomoi

Taps Four

by Mike Baxter

Totomoi is an honorary society devoted to the sole purpose of honoring those students who have shown outstanding qualities in the following fields: 1) scholarship, 2) athletics, 3) student government, 4) organizations, forensics and dramatics, 5) publications and citizenship. It also honors those faculty members who have rendered outstanding service to the school.

The spring tapping of Totomoi was held May 11. Three seniors, Ed Archer, Gene Nelson and Walter Robinson, and junior Erich Groos were tapped. They now join the ranks of Mark Armour, Jimmy O'Neill, Steve Wallace and Marcel Hawiger who were previously initiated into this society.



The 1977-78 Wrestling Cheerleaders are (from left) Sherry DeLay, Sherry Moore, Dana Buttrey, Nancy Brown, Elaine Calloway, Lauren Berry, Becky Hinshaw.

A New Tradition:

Wrestling Cheerleaders

by Mark Frost

A new tradition has been introduced to MBA this year.

The Big Red school on The Hill has seen the long awaited arrival of the new official MBA wrestling cheerleaders. This attractive innovation is an attempt by the school to increase student enthusiasm and support of its strong, young wrestling team. This change was a resounding success. It undoubtedly encouraged the student body's support of the wrestling team while also strengthening the overall morale of the wrestlers during their long hard season.

The actual idea of wrestling cheerleaders and the eventual elections were spawned and carried out by the team itself led by senior Pete DeLay. Under faculty sponsorship of Ms. Linda Seidler, the elections were held in November

resulting in a seven member cheerleading squad of five seniors and two juniors. These seven girls helped to provide the wrestling team with the support necessary to bring home three team trophies during the season.

The nominations and elections for wrestling cheerleaders will be carried out annually in May by the next year's prospective varsity wrestling team led by its rising senior lettermen and Ms. Seidler.

The wrestling cheerleaders for

the new year 1978-79 are Co-captains Becky Hinshaw and Nancy Brown, Sarah Phyton, Juniors Laura Richardson and Susan McAdams; and sophomores Mary and Suzanne Richardson.

The wrestling team would like to express its appreciation to certain members of the administration and faculty for their support of the team in this endeavor.

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Galloway in Florida

by Jackson Galloway

With the hot new blood of the second semester coursing through my veins, I eagerly looked forward to the warm sands of Florida, as a well deserved respite from the semi-spring Nashville weather and falling asleep in history class. According to common practice, I enlisted in one of the several groups heading for the tropic climes.

Though my mind had cleverly prepared for the eventuality of bodily fatigue and consequent clouding of my logical reasoning processes, I did not make the 2 a.m. Friday morning departure time. In the pursuit of sleep, I had managed to silence the deafening ring of my alarm and to fall back asleep. I was awakened only by the melodious tones of my mother informing me of a terse phone message from some of my friends who were patiently awaiting my arrival at MBA. Still groggy from sleep, I was greeted by a deafening chorus of welcome and exultation as I pulled into the parking lot on the Hill. Strangely enough, my late arrival seemed to be the inevitable root of all our travel problems on the way down, though my notoriety for this incident soon waned in the light of my further escapades.

Our arrival at the luxurious, perfectly located Daytona Beach Shores Sheraton was marked by en masse signing of traveler's cheques and haggling over change. Having unpacked our bags and quenched our thirsts with some Cokes, we proceeded to make ourselves familiar with the several extras the hotel management had provided for the guests' service—an elevator whose speed was only surpassed by a man on crutches walking up the stairs backwards in the

dark, an ice machine which miraculously demonstrated that water will not do anything if it is left alone, two towels for four people, and self-destructing furniture (not to mention toilets but that of course is a totally different story). Exhausted from the day's travel, hotel trauma, and eating dinner, we dropped off into a deep sleep.

Our blissful repose did not however go undisturbed as another MBA group, unable to find lodgings until the next day, availed themselves of our hospitality. Comfortably nestled on the floor, they quickly dropped off encouraged by threats of eviction not to mention physical violence (I was with a rough crowd.)

The next day began a week of sun, fun, sunburn, more sun and fun, and a lot more sunburn, especially for me. At one point, I was wearing one sock out on the beach because I had fricassied my ankle. During this period, the true personalities of all members of the group emerged. There was, of course, a mother figure, constantly worrying about the chances of our getting into big trouble or somebody's injuring himself. Several people, by nature and action, justified these fears. Several others were employed in various painful pursuits. Towards the end of the week, tempers flared as Melvin, the hotel security policeman, made fewer hilarious appearances and our group leader earned his various titles and appellations, one of which referred to his ability as a travel agent. He had brilliantly forgotten to make an extension of our reservation, necessitating an early exodus from the vacation state; however, our travel agent's devoted attachment to another tourist

named Sybil motivated him to somehow obtain an extension. This extension involved an uncomfortable night with nine other people in the room. The next morning began a very long drive back, and to our chagrin, we seemed to be accompanied by every other Florida vacationer in the free world. Very quickly, the tide of ill feelings ran high between the two cars of our caravan, and Atlanta witnessed a brief skirmish followed by a separation which continued until Nashville. And so at 2:30 Saturday morning, I fell into a full sized bed (ah!) and began a weekend of recovery and reminiscence.

THE BELL RINGER

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Punk Rock Hits New York

by Tad Wert

By now, you've probably heard about the newest scene in music: punk rock. Much of the American media is saying that New York is the center of this music, but one must closely examine all the new bands emerging from New York before calling them punks. I shall limit myself to what is known as the Big Four, or the first four bands to gain widespread media and critical attention. All have the same origin in a New York Bowery bar called CBGB's, but each has its own distinctive style and sound.

The first band to land a recording contract was the Patti Smith Group. Patti has an incredibly powerful voice which she uses to great dramatic effect on both LP's: *Horses* and *Radio Ethiopia*. Listening to a Patti Smith album is truly a unique experience. She sometimes simply shouts out enraged denunciations, or seductively whispers sadomasochistic images while her backup band is banging away on a basic guitar — powered by a pounding bass and drums. Some of her lyrics really are true poetry however, and she is steadily gaining popularity among the avant-garde rockers.

The Ramones, on the other hand, have no interest in becoming poets. Both of their records, *Ramones* and

Ramones Leave Home, are guaranteed to rip open the head of even the most seasoned Led Zeppelin fan. With all songs having a maximum of three chord changes, crisp guitars over a merciless bass and drum attack at top volume, the Ramones stand unchallenged as kings of heavy metal. There is no art here, only pure energy and violence as exemplified in such songs as "Beat on the Brat," "Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment," and "I Don't Wanna Go Down to the Basement." Confused critical reviews range from "The best young rock and roll band in the universe" to "El Stinko Garbage of the Year."

Television, however, has received more favorable reviews. Tom Verlaine, Television's guiding light is one of the most innovative and fresh guitarists to come into the seventies' music scene. Their first album, *Marquee Moon*, is a finely crafted collection of energetic songs by a very tight band. Verlaine's songs deal with modern love in a technological society, but come across without sounding artificial and synthetic. The title cut "Marquee Moon" is already a New Wave classic. Sparse guitar work starts off the song and then toned down bass and drums enter to build tension. Verlaine's thin wavering voice holds it all together as he sings of shadowy underworld meetings "underneath the marquee moon." Television's members' humble beginnings attract the lower-class rockers, much as the early Rolling Stones did.

But if Television is the Rolling Stones of the New Wave, then the Talking Heads are the Beatles. With two of its members having graduated from Harvard, the Talking Heads appeal to a more intellectual audience. They still play energetic, powerful rock, but they sing about parents, the government, and adolescent crises. Their September-released debut LP *Talking Heads: 77* is getting near-ecstatic reviews and they have just finished a European tour. David Byrne, their singer, sometimes sounds like he's drowning and the next breath will be his last, but that adds excitement to the sings. Martin Weymouth, the female bassist, is so adept at her instrument that it almost sounds like a second lead guitar. On the basis of their album, this band should go far.

The reason these and other New Wave bands are getting so much attention is their ability to shock us.

Even though the Talking Heads and Television vehemently oppose being classified as punk rockers, they are radically different from any other seventies band. This difference shocks us, but shocking the public has been the cornerstone of rock and roll ever since W

Elvis wiggled his obscenities (at the time) hips on the Ed Sullivan show. And maybe New Wave Rock

is a much needed backlash against the lifeless disco of the seventies.

Until now, rock was in danger of stagnating into performers like the Eagles and Peter Frampton. But with groups like Patti Smith, the Ramones, Television, and the Talking Heads, some energy has been injected into the comatose body of 1970s rock and roll.

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Young Life Goes Skiing

by John Beasley

Probably one of the best pizzas in the United States can be found in Colorado Springs, Colorado. It is served at Fargo's Pizza Factory. From the outside, Fargo's and its parking lot cover nearly half a block, and Fargo's itself rises a modest two stories in the air. Its architecture is somewhat fantastic in nature, its stained glass windows preparing its patrons for the spiritual atmosphere to be found inside—heavenly pizza. On the walls, huge buffalo heads and lots of mirrors give one the feeling of a western saloon. To go with the pizza, a soda fountain yields banana splits (out of this world) and all sorts of sundaes and sodas.

Unfortunately, only 10 MBA students got the chance to partake of this adventure, that is to say by way of the annual Young Life Ski Trip. Each of them had many adventures and experiences, especially on the ski slopes... like Pat Burns who skillfully completed for the first time in his life, three and one half, backward somersaults with a full twist (intentionally, of course).

Because there were so many more girls than boys, several of MBA's students were on cloud nine throughout the trip. Suzie Herbert

was always found on Per Nordquist's shoulder; the writer received many backrubs from Megan Herbert; and Jody Lentz was continually being chased by his not-so-secret admirer, Carol Garrett.

The bus rides to and from Trail West Lodge, where we stayed, were almost as much fun as staying in Colorado. They were filled with exciting events such as failing air brakes, a speeding ticket, games of backgammon, and dancing in the aisles to Billy Joel's musical offerings.

One has not lived until one has experienced two, 36-hour bus rides in one week. Of course, there were brief stops. One there, in St. Louis was, unfortunately, not brief enough. The writer regards St. Louis as a God-forsaken pest hole.

When we arrived at Trail West Lodge, we found many things to do, some legal. There were many games in the recreation rooms including foosball, air hockey, pool, and ping-pong. Outside there was a Jacuzzi whirlpool for exhausted skiers. Damon Anagnos managed to capture the Trail West Foosball Championships after defeating Matt Nicks in the exciting finals. During the evening programs, Jim Poteet demonstrated his fine acting ability by creating the definitive portrayal

of a retarded horse. We wish that this Hollywood hopeful would "break a leg."

Each day, Mike Baxter would go up the lift, to come down in Kamikaze style. Oldtimer Scott Mercy, Amy Grant's shadow, shunned in new boots and skis, occasionally managing to stay upright. Tom Rose flirted indiscriminately with toutes les jeunes filles dans la neige (snow bunnies—all the snow bunnies). Méchant Nordquist was declared chief Olympic Contender.

No sleep, much fun, occasional spills, lots of real fellowship in a good atmosphere. The writer recommends it to all.

\$15,000 Gift Renovates Language Lab

by Jeff Zager

For the past several years, the language department has been increasingly plagued by the problem of inadequate lab facilities. In the past, teachers and students have been faced with the dilemma of finding the right days on which both master consoles and booths were operating properly. Even after accomplishing these miraculous feats, students found, much to their dismay, that all too often, their tapes either came out too fast, too slow, or sometimes, not at all.

As is the case with any new craze, several terms have developed to enliven the game. A conversation in a typical game might go: "Well, you've pulled the definitive five-three role . . . but wait, are you going to take Lover's Leap or go for the peganation . . . that will definitely mean trouble in River City . . ." This common jargon has confused many new comers who soon can be heard repeating the same idiomatic phrases themselves.

It is truly an unforgettable experience to walk into the Trophy Room almost any period and see five to ten students closely huddled around two players at a single board for sometimes as long as twenty minutes, yelling and cheering at every roll and every move until the victor is decided. Then that familiar question enters one's mind: "Who's got winners?"

Backgammon: New Pastime

by Eric Fenichel

As the winter set in, MBA students desired to find a pastime to occupy their free periods. The logical answer was to employ the snow which had fallen so hard this year. Thus, the snowfights began; however, confusions, bruises, frostbite, and lack of snow soon ended this pastime.

Therefore, a new recreation was sought. The result was a sudden interest in backgammon. It started with one set and a handful of students who knew how to play. After a week, its followers had tripled, and new sets were appearing daily. Newcomers soon realized that the game required more luck at the dice than skill in maneuvers.

Unlike other fads, backgammon did not reach a fast paramount and then fade away; it has probably been the preoccupation with the most promise of longevity. There have been rumors of a backgammon club and backgammon tournaments. Already, several of the more promising players have entered local weekly tournaments at Sperry's and Shenanigan's with

varying degrees of success. MBA attendance at the tournaments has risen so rapidly that it would not be surprising to see someone in assembly presenting two free dinners at Sperry's "to Mr. Carter and the school."

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Two Custodians Log 37 Years of Service

by Rick Seay

There are eight people at MBA who seldom get the appreciation they deserve—our custodians, Ruby Davis, Dolly Hill, Leslie E. Jenkins, L. C. Coleman, Herman Bankes, Willis Appleton, Clyde Phillips, and Lushion Williams. These eight people work long and hard each day cleaning, repairing, and maintaining the buildings of the school. Whether working hard or joking with the students, these people are always ready and cheerfully willing to help in any way possible.

There are two special men—Clyde Phillips and Lushion Williams—who have been on the Hill for a combined total of thirty-seven years. Clyde, the ever-joking custodian presently working in the gym, has been at Montgomery Bell Academy for sixteen years. Having served in the army from 1941-1945 in the Pacific-Asiatic theatre where he won several service medals as a gunner-corporal, Clyde began work in Nashville constructing hypodermic needles out of glass. When plastic became more economical and easier to manufacture, his occupation was terminated.

In his next job as a painter and carpenter, he became acquainted with Mr. Carter and the school. At some time in 1961, Mr. Carter hired Clyde to work as the painter and tennis court manager. Since that time, he has worked in every building but says he likes his current spot in the gym best. He has been offered several other jobs, but Clyde has remained at MBA because he enjoys working with the students here.

Lushion Williams has been working at MBA now for twenty-one

years. Being one of graduates' most lasting memories of the school, he is often visited by students he watched grow up here. Born in Carroll county and raised on a farm, he has always enjoyed working outdoors. It is for this reason that he likes his summertime work on the lawn much more than his winter work indoors.

From 1942-1945 Lushion was in the air force. He received three battle stars for his service on the Fiji Islands, Guadalcanal, New Guinea, and Manilla Bay. After leaving the service Uncle Sam paid for him to go to an experimental station for farming in Jackson, Tennessee. Later, in 1955, he became gardener, cook, chauffeur, and general do-all for Mrs. John Jay Hooker, Sr., who was living on Chickering Lane.

In 1957 an employment agency found him a job working in MBA's cafeteria. He came here the February after Mr. Carter's arrival in September. After six months his diligent work got him promoted to the post of head custodian. Each day, he arrives around seven and works 9-10 hours a day in addition to his work at various athletic contests. One of his most pleasant and shocking experiences was when the 1972 Bell feats were dedicated to him.

Like Clyde, Lushion too has been offered other jobs but has turned them down because of his loyalty to the Montgomery Bell students, parents, alumni, and tradition. His work, like that of all our custodians, has been long, hard and often thankless, but he retires with the love and admiration of all MBA students.



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This is not a criticism of MBA. This isn't a criticism of the conformity forced upon all students at different degrees. This isn't a criticism of the scarcity of mercy or the overabundance of justice at MBA. It isn't a criticism of the mutual abuse of the school by the school. This isn't a new criticism of an old issue or an old criticism of a new issue. This isn't a criticism of the restrictions, responsibilities and discipline of MBA. It isn't a criticism of the environment, the food, the amount of time I spent at MBA. It isn't a criticism of the constant interrogation by the teachers, both in and out of class. Ironically, this is bound to be taken as a criticism.

Harriers Have Successful Season

Cross Country

by Chris Milam

This year's harriers were the best runners that MBA has ever produced. They were respected by other teams and possessed an awe-some record; nevertheless, the team was unable to fulfill a dream they had from the beginning of the year: a State Championship.

The team possessed the material, yet for some reason this group was unable to put the resources together into that winning combination that allows a team to achieve its ultimate goals. This inability to achieve their goal should not detract from the quality of the team.

Definitely a part of the reason for this team's success goes to



Freeman Puts It

Coach Drake. He recognized the potential of these runners from the beginning of the season and put forth the concern and the effort that gives a team the desire to win not only for itself but also for the coach. He worked incessantly on ways to improve these runners, and the concern he showed for the team culminated in a 7-1 dual meet record. Nevertheless, a coach really cannot create a good team in the same sense that a football or a basketball coach can. The runners themselves must do the work and possess the desire to win. The coach can merely tell them the best way to go about the work and attempt to create unity and loyalty between the individual runners—and Mr. Drake succeeded in doing both of these.

The team did not possess one fantastic runner, but eight good runners. Erich Groos ran the best time of the season at the NIL Championship while Ed Archer's consistent efforts in the big meets earned him the honor of being MBA's only 1st team all NIL member. Groos, Bennett White, and Bruce Campbell made the 2nd team all NIL, while Jimmy O'Neill was Honorable Mention.

Bennett White, this year as in the past two years, ran consistently and helped compose the backbone of the team. Bruce Campbell per-

formed extremely well, especially considering that this was his first year in cross country competition. Jimmy O'Neill proved once again this year, as in the last three years, to be an extremely fine runner as well as a very capable leader. Chris Milam, Gene Nelson, and Craig Stewart ran well and helped provide the team with the depth that made it so successful. Joe Hymel, when uninjured, proved to be a definite asset to the team.

The team won the Western Division of the NIL and was second overall in the league behind a powerful and extremely young Lipscomb team. In the NIL championship, MBA had all seven runners under 16:35, with Groos and Archer both under 16:00. Two weeks later, a flat performance by the harriers in the Regional ended the season with no hope for a state championship. The Regional champions, Clarksville Northwest, whom MBA had beaten in the first meet of the season, had five runners under 15:50. MBA failed to improve to this extent and this lack of improvement cost them the chance for a championship. The team finished a disappointing 6th in the Region.

The B-Team, composed of the younger runners including Art Hancock, Scott Campbell, Tad Wert, Steve Hancock, Jim Shaw, Bobby Johnson, Scott Glasco and Scott Reigle, won every B-Team meet in which they ran. These runners along with Stewart, Groos, Campbell, White, and Hymel will give next year's team the chance to improve upon this year's successes, hopefully resulting in a state championship.

Varsity Track

by Randy Henderson

The varsity track season began this year like all the years before with practice. The time had come to get in shape.

Under Coach Drake, the practices were hard, demanding workouts, but the efforts of the team members paid off as the season progressed.



Fort Hurdles

The season opened with MBA defeating Hillsboro by a close score of 76 to 61. Next, the team outclassed Antioch's track squad 91 to 46. In the Franklin dual meet, the athletes posted an encouraging 93 to 44 victory. The only dual meet loss came against Overton 94 to 37. However, it might be pointed

out that many of our better track performers were withheld from participation in order to rest them for the Baylor Relays scheduled for the next night. Certainly Coach Drake's strategy was successful.

The team finished sixth out of a field of 30 at Baylor. Highlighting the team's performance was the hurdle-shuttle relay of Marcel Hawiger, Doug Derryberry, Trey Alford, and Jack Patterson which placed first, breaking the school



Alford Jumps

record. Though he did not place, Derryberry also broke the school record for the triple jump with a 39'7 1/4" hopping effort.

Nine days later, the MBA track squad participated in the Optimist relays at Overton. The team as a whole did not do well, but Craig Stewart won the 440. The two mile relay team of Hawiger, Tad Wert, Derryberry and Bruce Campbell placed third in a school record breaking time of 8:06.1. Only four days later at the Banner Relays Craig Stewart won again and set a new school record in the 440 with a time of 49.8. In a determined effort, Patterson also broke the school record in the high hurdles with a time of 15.2 at this particular meet.

Perhaps the brightest spot of the season came at the district meet. The team came together and produced many outstanding performances which boosted MBA to a second place finish out of 10 teams. Stewart won the 440 with a time of 49.4 which improved the school record he had set only the week before. The 440 relay placed fifth and the two-mile relay of Wert, Hawiger, Derryberry and Campbell placed first. Stewart, Groos, Patterson, Hawiger, the mile relay and the two-mile relay qualified for the regionals because of their excellent performances in the district meet.

Unfortunately, the mile relay was "smoked" at the regional meet. Only the two-mile relay and Stewart were able to place significantly. The two-mile relay finished third; however, this was not good enough to qualify for the state meet. But Stewart's third place finish in the 440 was good enough to qualify him for the second year in a row to participate in state competition.

Under Coach Drake this year's track team was outstanding and successful, and their success has not gone unnoticed. The team's prospects for next year are prom-

ising because of many returning juniors, but only time and practice will tell.

Winter Track

by Bill Elliston

After practicing diligently since the end of mid-year exams, the MBA winter track team participated in its only track meet on February 18th and 19th at Middle Tennessee State University in Murfreesboro. Twenty-five mid-state high schools participated in the meet along with MBA.

Jack Patterson tied the school indoor record in the sixty yard high hurdles with a time of 8.0 seconds, but did not place in the tournament, thereby showing the strong competition the team encountered. Doug Derryberry placed third in high-jump with a leap of 6 feet 2 inches and unexpectedly placed fourth in the long jump with a jump of 19 feet, 10 inches, a new individual school record. The two-mile relay consisting of Gene Nelson, Tad Wert, Doug Derryberry, and Bruce Campbell placed second with a time of 3:42.6.

"By and large, everybody performed pretty well considering the bad weather conditions," commented Coach Mike Drake.



Campbell in Relay

Frosh Track

by Hartley Hall

The Freshmen Track Team enjoyed an overall successful season this year. Under the leadership of Coaches Compton and Fisher, the team won several meets climaxed by an impressive victory for the District Championships, over McMurray, Apollo, Rose Park, and Cameron.

The team was led by Ken Nichols in the mile; Mike Anderson in the long jumps, 440 yard dash, and the mile relay; Scotty Wallace in the 880 yard run; and Brad McKinney in the discus. Plagued

by injuries toward the end of the season, the team did not finish as well as it had started, and only individual honors were obtained. The Freshmen Track Team is, however, a strong one and should greatly contribute to the Varsity Squad in future years.



Freeman Winds Up

Microbe Track

by Lawson Fort

The Microbe Track Team has completed its season with a respectable record of 6-2-1. This record gives it third place in the HVAC competition.

Outstanding performances were returned by distance runners Rich Good, who is unbeaten in the mile, and John Levy, who was beaten only once in the 880. In addition, sprinters Ernie Franklin and Hale Hooper and field event men Hardy Burch, Bill Claunch, Steve Ledward, and Kirk Porter all made significant contributions to the team. This young team, led by coaches Gaither and Williams, has gained the experience necessary to make solid contributions to future Freshmen and Varsity teams.

Microbe CC

by Kelly Woodroof

The Microbe Cross-country team opened their season on a low note by placing last in the first three triangular meets. The team then avenged every loss with the exception of the one to eventual champion Northside.

In the HVAC Championships, the team finished 3rd, six points behind runner-up Ensworth. The microbe runners were led by Rich Good, who finished second in a field of 99 runners and Terry Watson, who finished ninth. With the return of Watson and Sam Houston, prospects look good for another good season next year.



Big Red Wins State Title In Baseball and Soccer

Bulletin

The MBA baseball team made Jonesboro Crockett its 21st victim of the season to win its second TSSAA state baseball championship.

The Big Red beat the Washington Countians 4-2 in the opener with ace Barry Ralston allowing just five hits.

In the second game, the Big Red exploded for five runs in the top of the eighth for a 6-3 triumph. Tim Owen and Kevin Holland had doubles, and Andy Massey and Robert Holland triples to put the game away. Massey and Bowers pitched the first seven innings with Ralston coming back to hurl the eighth inning and retire all batters.

by Tim Warnock

Compiling a record of 16 wins and two losses, Coaches Jefferson and Elliott's varsity baseball squad captured the NIL's district 12 title to earn a spot in the Region III playoffs.

In the district tournament, held at Ashland City, the Big Red went undefeated to capture the 12-AAA title for the second year in a row. Against a strong Clarksville team, John Adams and Andy Massey provided key hits, while Tom Moore belted a two-run homer to lead the team offensively. Barry Ralston provided superb pitching, striking out 16 in the 6-1 victory.

In the second game against archrival Father Ryan, the Big Red rolled to a 5-1 victory behind the pitching of Ricky Bowers and



Ricky Bowers Takes a Swing

Ralston. At the plate, Mark Levan inspired the team with a towering solo home run. Other important hits were provided by Tim Owen, Chris Latimer, and Ralston.

In the district finals, MBA faced Clarksville once again. Scoreless until the seventh inning, the team rallied behind key hits by Moore and Robert Holland. The game's only score came in the seventh on Kevin Holland's sacrifice fly. Ralston pitched a one-hitter to clinch a 1-0 victory and district title for the Big Red.

Aside from capturing the district title, the team performed exceptionally well during the regular season, dropping only two games in 15 outings. The losses came at the hands of Hendersonville (1-6) and a strong Ryan team (5-6). The loss to Ryan was avenged later in

the year as the Big Red rallied to a 5-1 victory before an enthusiastic crowd at Centennial.

Throughout the season, each member of the team contributed his part to produce an excellent record. Of special merit was junior Barry Ralston's appointment to the all-city team as well as being the NIL's Most Valuable Player. Other key players were Robert Holland (a second team all-NIL choice), Kevin Holland, Owen, Bowers, Latimer, Scott Reigle, Levan, Massey, Adams, Bill Hawkins, and Hux Novak.

In the Region III playoff with Memphis Christian Brothers, the Big Red took a 3-0 victory behind strong pitching and hitting. The win pushed the team into the State finals at Nashville's Herschel Greer Stadium.

M.B.A.'s soccer team put everything together in the State Soccer Tournament in Chattanooga and emerged as the champions for 1978. The team's victory over Seawane Academy in the finals of the tournament returned the trophy to MBA after two years of dominance by Chattanooga teams.

The soccer team began the season by travelling to Memphis for an important match with Memphis University School. The Big Red dominated the game behind the excellent play of Tommy Lanham and Jay Hitt, yet neither team was able to score in the first half. With only a few minutes remaining, a handball in the penalty area gave the Big Red a penalty kick. Roger Burrus converted the kick and MBA had a 1 to 0 victory. Against Hillsboro, MBA took a 2 to 0 victory behind goals by David Duke and Lawson Fort.

Thus far into the season the team had failed to show much offensive thrust; however, against McGavock the offense pounded away for a 3 to 1 victory. All of MBA's goals came on head shots as Roger Burrus scored twice and Tommy Lanham once. At St. Andrews the following week the offense enjoyed its most productive outing as the Big Red crushed the Saints 6 to 0. Lawson Fort had two goals to lead M.B.A. and Roger Burrus, Tim Kurtz, Bill Crenshaw and Paul Weick each scored one goal.

The first half of the season concluded with a match against archrival Father Ryan. Before a large and spirited home crowd the Big Red put a damper on Irish pride with a 2 to 0 shutout. The Big Red defense overwhelmed the Irish behind the aggressive and intimidating play of Greg Simpson, while goalie John Neil turned in his fifth consecutive shut out. Roger Burrus rammed in the first goal for the Big Red and David Duke added another to provide the final winning margin.

The second half of the season got underway as Hillsboro surprised the Big Red with a come from behind victory to hand MBA its first loss of the season. Tommy Lanham had put the Big Red ahead on an indirect penalty kick which glanced off a Hillsboro defender for a goal, but the Burros managed to take the lead in the last 35 minutes of play. Despite furious pressure from the Big Red, spearheaded by the excellent play of Jerry Mace, Hillsboro held on for a 2 to 1 upset.

The soccer team bounced back from defeat to trounce Castle Heights 3 to 0. Roger Burrus gave the Big Red a 1 to 0 lead early in the game, and Tim Crenshaw and David Duke added goals later in the match. Kirk Noring turned in a sparkling performance as the defense completely shut off the Castle Heights offense.

Snow and inclement weather forced the cancellation of five games in the following weeks and during the week preceding the State Tournament the Big Red travelled to Castle Heights and McCallie for matches. Although snow covered much of the field at Castle Heights, the Big Red controlled the game behind the play of MBA's super Swede, Per Nordquist.

Roger Burrus scored the lone goal as MBA took a 1 to 0 victory. The Big Red were not so fortunate two days later at McCallie. The MBA players outplayed their counterparts from McCallie, but could not get the break necessary to win the game. Despite goalie John Neil's excellent play throughout the game, McCallie scored a late goal to defeat the Big Red 1 to 0.

MBA finished the regular season with a record of 8 wins and 2 losses, scoring an average of two goals per game while limiting opponents to only four goals during the season. Seeded third in the State Tournament, the Big Red left for Chattanooga with high hopes.

In first round action, MBA faced sixth-seeded Baylor. Baylor grabbed an early lead, but the Big Red fought back quickly to tie the score and then take a lead behind the scoring of Roger Burrus. With only 17 seconds remaining, it appeared that MBA had won, but Baylor scored on a shot which skimmed the head of a MBA defender, thus forcing an overtime period. When the overtime produced no score a system of penalty kicks was used to decide the winner. Tim Crenshaw, Lawson Fort, Per Nordquist, and Roger Burrus converted kicks to give MBA the victory since Baylor was successful on only one attempt.

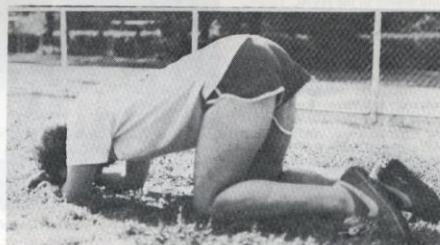
In the semi-finals MBA faced Hillsboro which had upset second-seeded McCallie earlier. MBA took the lead quickly on a shot by David Duke. Hillsboro managed to tie the score, but Roger Burrus scored to give MBA a 2 to 1 half-time lead. The second half was scoreless as the Big Red defense dominated the action.

The finals of the tournament pitted MBA against undefeated Seawane Academy. The game was evenly contested although the Big Red had several scoring opportunities. Neither team was able to score in regulation time, and the game went into overtime. With less than 3 minutes left to play, Roger Burrus hooked a direct penalty kick into the goal to provide the margin of victory. The defense held tenaciously to the lead behind the play of John Neil and Jerry Mace, and MBA had its State Championship.

Roger Burrus was chosen as the Offensive M.V.P. of the tournament, and Tommy Lanham, Burrus, and John Neil were selected to the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd All-State teams respectively. Burrus, Lanham, and Per Nordquist were chosen to play in the East-West All Star game which was held in Nashville.

Under the leadership of Coach John Lanier, the soccer team compiled a final record of 11 wins and 2 losses this year. In looking over the year, Coach Lanier said, "Despite internal problems during the year, the team forgot its problems during the tournament and played up to its ability, responding especially well in the final game."

The team loses nine starters and several reserves to graduation, but with the return of several experienced players led by Lawson Fort and David Duke, next year's team should continue the tradition of winning soccer at MBA.



Nelson Wins Octathalon

by Tim Warnock

The second annual MBA Octathalon was once again a huge success. From May 9 to May 11, 40 of the school's finest athletes ran, jumped, and threw their way to glory or catastrophe.

34 students and seven faculty

members competed in eight track-related events to determine "the school's best athlete." In addition to the events in last year's pentathlon (Shot put, 100 yard dash, 120 yard low hurdles, long jump, and high jump), three new events were added. These were the 440 yard dash, discus, and mile run.

Out of a possible 8000 points, Gene Nelson led the student body with a total of 5935, while Kevin Harkey took the faculty crown with 4396 points. Rounding out the top ten were: Chris Whitson (5612); John Neil (5575); Trey Alford (5409); Russ Freeman (5295); Paul Stumb (5281); John Dicker (5205); Ross Regen (5103); Jim O'Neill (4967); and Damon Anagnos (4658).

The '78 Octathalon was a huge success as was the '77 Pentathlon. Marked both years by the enthusiastic and competitive attitudes of both students and faculty, Mr. Drake's Memorial MBA Octathalon has become a new tradition on the Hill.



Baker Takes Wrestlers to Victory

by John Anderson

The varsity wrestling season saw the arrival of the third new wrestling coach in four years at MBA. Head coach Steve Williams and assistant coach Kevin Lenahan faced the difficult task of organizing relatively unfamiliar faces and names into a viable wrestling force. The team returned seniors Galt Baker, Pete Delay, Paul Stumb, John Anderson, Charlie Duffey, and Chris London. Other returns included juniors Mark Frost and Bobby

Huddleston, and sophomores Tim Warnock, David Molesworth, and Russell Regen. Unfortunately, Coach Williams' goal, demanding dedication and the adoption of improved wrestling techniques in order to establish MBA as an NIL contender, fell short of its mark during the early part of the season.

The team lost dual matches to Father Ryan and Lebanon while defeating Antioch and Bellevue. In the Chattanooga City Invitational

which boasted 26 of the top teams in the state, MBA finished exactly mid-way in the field. The only wrestler to place was Galt Baker who finished second, losing a tough match to Baylor's Doug Dyer. In the Overton Invitational the following week, four wrestlers placed: Galt Baker first, and Pete Delay, John Anderson, and Tim Warnock fourth.

Christmas Practice

Over Christmas vacation, the team worked hard and situated all the individuals into their respected weight classes, leading to the trouncing of such teams as BGA and Hillwood. In the Ryan Invitational, many of the Big Red wrestlers lost close decisions but Galt Baker managed to triumph as champion for the third year in a row, while Pete Delay and Paul Stumb captured third place honors.

In a somewhat weaker Bellevue Invitational, MBA ran away with the championship as 7 wrestlers advanced to the finals. Galt Baker, Paul Stumb, Tim Warnock, and Pete Delay won their individual classes, while John Anderson, Mark Frost, and David Molesworth finished third while John Anderson and Art Hancock captured fourth place.

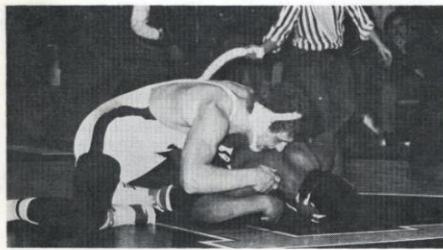
State

Region

The Region 3 tournament saw the culmination of an excellent team effort rising out of the hard work and dedication on the part of the wrestlers and the coaches. In the preliminary round, MBA blew past its opponents as 8 out of 9 wrestlers won important matches to qualify for the quarter-final round. The next day, Galt Baker pinned his way to the finals, and Mark Frost, in an overtime judge's decision, defeated the number-one seeded Tommy Peebles of BGA to advance to the finals.

In the consolation round, several

wrestlers lost close matches which prevented their qualifying for the State Tournament. However, Pete Delay won and eventually finished third in the tournament. Mark Frost lost his final match with NIL Shawn Messer from Overton, but with Galt Baker's first period pin of Steve Moore from Overton, MBA passed Dupont to capture the fourth place team trophy out of 36 participating schools. Furthermore, all-NIL Galt Baker won the tournament's best wrestler award by pinning every opponent he wrestled.



Heavyweight Baker Mauls Opponent

Little Red Grapplers Win

by Mark Frost

The 1977-78 Freshman Wrestling Team did well in its rigorous season. The team's dual match record was 2-5, but several of the losses were by very slim margins. During the Christmas Holidays, the Frosh wrestlers attended the punishing two-a-day Varsity wrestling practices. When the holidays were over, a vastly improved team beat Apollo and stomped Father Ryan 47-19.

The Little Red Grapplers ended their season by placing 5th overall in the very competitive Middle Tennessee Jr. High Tournament at McMurray. Johnny Wagster at 137 lbs. won first place; Don Brothers

at 89 lbs. and Mark Peffen at 129 lbs. captured second place; Kevin Malar at 143 lbs. was third; and Bill Caunch at 82 lbs. finished fourth. This Freshman team showed great improvement as the season progressed; the result of their hard work and the competent coaching of Andy Gaither and alumnus Jerry Patterson. These grapplers will play an important role in the future development of Coach Williams' and Coach Lenahan's Varsity Wrestling Program.

Microbes

The 1977-78 Microbe Wrestling Team had one of the best seasons in the team's history. The mini-Maroons compiled an awesome

dual match record of 6-0 with impressive wins over BGA, FRA and Northside. The unbeaten Microbes finished their season by placing third overall in the HVAC Tournament. Individuals performing well included: 1st place: Bill Caunch at 82 lbs.; 2nd place: Anderson Rowe at 75 lbs., Alex Grimsley at 89 lbs., Brad Sittow at 133 lbs., Ally Fuqua at 140 lbs., and heavyweight Steve Ledyard; 3rd place: Ross Pepper at 107 lbs and David Briley at 112 lbs. Microbe coach Andy Gaither and alumnus Jerry Patterson, assisted by Varsity coach Steve Williams successfully built a strong young team, laying a groundwork that will feed the new MBA Wrestling Program.



Frost Grapples in Region

Tennis Team Sweeps District

by Steve Gibbs and David Puent

The MBA varsity tennis team has completed another successful season with 17 wins and only three losses, all of which occurred in the non-district matches against MUS, Baylor, and McCallie.

The season was characterized by consistent performances during district competition resulting in a 10-0 district record. Under the leadership of Coach Jim Poston, the team not only advanced steadily through district play, but also performed well against difficult opposition in the Rotary, held in Chattanooga.

The team swept the six singles and three doubles spots for the second year in a row, capturing first place in the Third Annual MBA Invitational (April 27-29).

During regular district play, the team overwhelmed its opponents with shutouts in eight of the 10

matches. Playing in the number one spot, David Templeton completed the season with an overall record of 26-7 while his doubles partner, Fred Ayers, one of the two seniors on this year's squad, finished with a high 27-6 season record. Other noteworthy performances were added by senior Bill Calton and juniors, Ross Evans, Scott Eskin, David Fox, and Bill Bomar, the latter two completing the season with undefeated records. Sophomores Harold DeBlanc, playing in the number two position, Murray Hatcher, Mike Baxter, John Hargrove, Larry Klein, Robert Jones, and the two freshmen, Page Garrett and Pen Caldwell, added the needed depth during the season competition.

After dominating this season's district competition, the team then entered the district tournament with

three of its four players seeded in the top seven in singles play. In the singles competition, the team continued its winning streak by advancing each of its four entrants, Templeton, Ayers, DeBlanc and Evans, to the semi-finals, thereby clinching the top four positions in the tournament.

Templeton later went on to win the tournament by defeating Ayers in three sets with DeBlanc and Evans, third and fourth respectively. The doubles competition was equally successful as MBA's two teams of Templeton-Ayers and DeBlanc-Evans placed first and second thus completing the tennis season with an undefeated record in both regular district and tournament play.

Considering this year's performance and the fact that the team will lose only two seniors, MBA

can surely look forward to successful tennis seasons in the years ahead.

Microbes Undefeated

Under the coaching of Rick Carter, this year's Microbe Tennis Team has completed its season in the HVAC with an impressive 6-0 record, sealing it first in the upcoming HVAC tournament.

The Microbes finished their overall season, including three practice matches, with a 9-0 record, defeating their archival, and otherwise undefeated, MUS. The consistent play of Danny DeBlanc, Jamie Houdeshell, David Miller, and the doubles teams of Stephen Fine/Andrew Berry and Steve Howell/Anderson Rowe led the Microbe Team to its successful record. The Varsity can certainly look forward to support from these rising players.

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BASKETBALL ON THE HILL

by Jerry Mace

MBA's Basketball team finished this year's season with a 10-14 record. The Big Red started the season without valuable senior forward Robert Holland, who was hampered all season with a knee injury. The season began badly as MBA lost 4 of the first 5 games, the only victory coming against rival BGA, 57-40, as Andy Smith, Steve Roberts, Wenning Hardin, and Freddie Horton all scored in double figures.



Football:

Little Red Has Rebuilding Year

Junior Varsity

by Bob Dale

The J.V. Football team did not have a spectacular season, but all of the players gained valuable experience which should enable them to help the varsity program in the future.

The J.V.'s record of 1-3 does not give credit to the fine effort by the entire team. Opening losses to Overton (19-7) and Bellevue (14-13 in overtime) did not discourage the Big Red, as they came back to crush Hillwood 44-6 thus avenging the varsity's homecoming loss to the Toppers. MBA lost a hard fought contest to Ryan to close out the season. Scheduled games against Antioch and BGA were cancelled because of conflicts concerning use of fields.

Throughout the season the offense was led by the passing of Nothon "Snow" Phillips, the running of Freddie Horton and Doug Derryberry, and the fine kicking of Joe Davis, Bob Colton, Davis, and "Ozzie" Pack made key pass receptions in each game. The defense was led by Mark Levan, Paul Wies, Jack Coombs, Damon Anagnos and Phillip Altenbernd. Coaches Elliot and Jefferson developed the team as the season progressed, and hopefully all the players will be assisting the varsity next year.

Freshman

by David Linn

"The Freshmen suffered through a rather disappointing season," said Coach Ron Medlin, referring to this year's Freshman Football team whose record was 2-6. The highlights of this season were a one point victory over Apollo in overtime and a very close game with Ryan against whom the freshmen

played their best single half, pulling within one point from a twelve point deficit before losing.

Though not as talented as some past teams, this team has come further and made more improvement than those teams. Outstanding players include co-captains Mike Anderson and John Wagster, Joe Bryan, Scott Tunc, Tom Dirlherro, Ken Nichols and Wade Smith.

Haley Leads Golfers

by John Beasley

Very rarely does an MBA team manage to produce as successful a player as Robert Haley, a senior. Not only did he place first in the District, but he also captured the NIL championship with a score of 75, earning a berth in the Regionals. Freshman David Ingram was not far behind, posting a 78 in District Tourney play.

According to Coach Fairbairn, however, this year's team was young, and the season dragged. The best match of the season was against rival Father Ryan. In this match, the Big Red produced the lowest score shot in the last five years of MBA history—152 total. The other members of this successful team were seniors Garry Zeitlin, Jack Mitchell, Chris London, and sophomore John Haley. Although

the Varsity Golf Team will regret the loss of Robert Haley and the other senior team members, the team hopes for a good season next year with the addition of several outstanding Junior High players.

The starting four players of the Junior High Golf Team participated during May in its league tournament and captured first place overall. The tournament play was held at McCabe Golf Course, with freshman Marty Poe shooting the excellent low score of 77.

It was the team's depth that helped clinch the title, as freshmen Wes Roberts and Don Fairbairn, along with seventh grader Jimmy Brown, pushed the team to victory. These young players are sure to provide the upcoming varsity golf teams with their exceptional ability.

against Webb when MBA "stomped the Feet" 84-39. The unexpected scoring of Hue Novak was a contributing factor to the lopsided affair.

MBA struggled to right itself in the final weeks as the team won the last four games in seven outings. Strong performances against BGA, Bishop Byrne, and Hillwood showed the team's potential. The Big Red was seeded against powerhouse Hillsboro in the opening round of the district tournament. Despite Ricky Bowers' 15 pt. output, MBA fell to the Burros 66-59, ending what can be described best as a rollercoaster season.

While showing spurts of brilliance at times, the basketball team must become more consistent to contend in AAA NIL basketball. Hopefully, next year's team with returning veterans Ricky Bowers, Freddie Horton and Barry Ralston will not experience the low scoring, sometimes scoreless quarters and lackluster performances which plagued this year's team.

Junior Varsity

by Randy Henderson

The junior varsity basketball team compiled a winning 10-9 record this year under Coach Kevin Harkey. The team was small and found it difficult to compete with other so-called junior varsity teams such as that of Hillsboro which averaged a height of 6'2". Jimmy Griscom, the team's tallest player at only 6'2" often played opposite much taller opponents.

Nevertheless, the team possessed a strong, physical defense led by Bob Colton, Rusty McDonald, and Chris Whitson, Jimmy Griscom and Tom Moore led the scoring as both averaged 14 points per game.

The highlights of the team's season were two victories over Pearl and a victory over Father Ryan at Father Ryan. The junior varsity showed definite improvement toward the end of the year and succeeded in posting a winning season even though Tom Moore was moved up to Varsity near the end of the year. The chief merit of this team was its ability to play as a unit, for several players including Nathan Philips, David Pack, and Joe Davis were able to come off the bench and make valuable contributions to the team. Mr. Harkey's team always hustled and was, for the most part, well-disciplined. Certainly, these players will provide a bright future to basketball at MBA.

Freshmen

Microbes

by Brad Sitton

The MBA Microbe basketball team, a team of talent and prospect, had an improving and prosperous season. Mr. Donald Fisher, the coach, led this team to a 4-5 season.

The team was led by Alley Fuqua and Stephen Fine at forwards and Kirk Porter at center. Starting guards Frank Cole and Greg Williamson moved the ball up and down the court with relief help from Ricky Crook and Terry Waterson. Kirk Porter led the team in scoring with 75 points in 9 games.

Mr. Fisher, even though he showed no outward excitement over the games, is respected and admired by the players and is proud of the performance of the players throughout the year.



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LENS

A Collection of Poems

editor's note :::

It is traditional for the editor of the literary magazine to type some lengthy and meaningful notes after having finished laying out all the rest of the pages; however, I feel that these fine works can only be hampered in their effectiveness by anything I might say concerning the difficulty of this type of undertaking. So—here it is: I hope you use it well. Because of printing problems, the school literary magazine is printed here in the *Bell Ringer*.

Kim Justice

—And here is one who knows,
Who peers across the book-lint
distance
Into my light-dazzled eyes,
Yet does not sing.
Residing in our carrels—we monks
of
Bearings encased in oil
And destined to spin spin spin
Untouched
Until our blood dries away
And we are consumed by
Our heretofore
Unfrictioned speed.

—Kim Justice

To Rene' An Afterthought

Roses are beautiful,
But bloody...
Thorns underneath childish
innocence
Tear into unsuspecting flesh
Imparting a painful realization:
Roses are to look at,
But not to touch,
Roses resist being picked;
They have to be cut.
Roses bloom in a false heaven,
And fall to the ground
To lie at the daisies' feet.
Daisies are refreshingly homely,
But shine like stars.
Rose petals, fresh and smooth,
Hide a harsher being.
The daisy opens its soul—
A cheerful ray of sunshine—
In a blind and needy world.
Roses cover graves;
But daisies adorn the spring
When love is reborn
And the spirit is freed—
A rose reborn.

—Tim Crenshaw

The Nucleus of the World

We are the nucleus, structure
eternal.
It is a force unseen by most, so
minute
Our presence the Aristotelians
dispute.
They hold that the universe is of
fire, water, earth, and ether
composed,
Yet we are the essential essence of
life. Held by the bonds
of nuclear forces, we are the blooms
of life and
by our union the forces of love are
enjoined.
Split us and we revolt in an agony
of destruction.
As the titanic force of the nuclear
membrane explodes
Into an agony of oblivion, our life
would reach extinction.
We are the atom, by electronic
attraction
of our opposite parts bound.
The nucleus, with its positive
charge, incessantly attracts the
electron,
Which, as a magnet is drawn to its
opposite pole,
Forever seeks the source of its
motion.
Constantly attracted, yet never
joining, we circle
And circle in orbits unchanging.
No one can force our union. Our
opposite charges
Prevent a fusion of our souls,
Yet together we form the bond of
humanity.
We are the world, A conglomeration
of atoms joined into molecules,
forming woods,
And lakes, and oceans. Together
we blend
In harmony to produce the singing
of a bird
On a new spring day; the glories
of the
Earth forming each moment into
history.
Our nuclear cohesion and electronic
attraction
A union of two forces create, and
the mystery of
Life our unique mixture of
opposites
Will preserve till the atoms are no
more
And our world is dead.

—Marcel Hawiger

Flight

Every nerve is flaming, each
muscle crystallized
In anticipation
Of escape,
As the desperate yearning of my
mind
Launches
My body
Beyond
Light
Into a deafening malestrom
Of existence.
As I am inhaled by this
Frenzy of insanity,
The yearning of my soul
Staggers;
The impeding vortex
Drawing near.
Suddenly,
The roar is beaten down
By a crushing silence.

The cold wind moans over the land,
buckled and rugged through
Earth's long years of torment—
stone against stone.
Cracked through years of abuse
from wind and rain.
Mighty glaciers
rending the land barren of the
soft, protective shield.
Until the bitter and hard
inner surface is uncovered.
Can trees grow upon rock?
The mighty redwoods
crumble and die—
water flows untasted.
Frozen—
as the world passes into darkness—
No longer a warm sphere,
but a lifeless, bitter,
barren waste.
The cold wind moans over the sand;
Unheard—
Unheeded—
but Understood.

—Bill Elliston

She Is Love

As dusk breaks into twilight's glow,
And shadows form beneath shimmering light.
A figure appears, gleaming upon the horizon,
Hair glistening, cloaked in gowns of white.
Beneath the moonlight this figure floats,
Her long white gowns trailing behind,
As her figure blossoms into form,
And enters the perceptions of the mind.
She is the essence of beauty rare,
Radiating the shimmering light from above;
The essence of the mind's perception,
She is the only one, She is love.

—Jeff Zager

Listen To My Eyes

How can I describe the beauty of life
Or pen the magnificent grandeur of earth and sky
Or relate the joy I feel
As I gaze upon your face.
In your eyes I find the joys and the sorrows of man's meager existence.
They speak with a tongue more concise, yet more profound than mere words.
Expression of thought, description of sensation, all blend into blessed unity:
The glance of innocence and experience tells the tale of all mankind.
So whenever you seek to understand my motives,
Listen to my eyes and hear my unspoken lines.
For here lies my verse
And here plead I my case of love.

—Tim Owen

Crusin'

The tunnel of the dark road could
go on forever.
The wheel turns and the accelerator
yields.
Monotony becomes a pleasure, and
Hypnotism is the art of speed.
The speedometer ceases to have
meaning.
Hurtling over the pavement,
The lights frame the route of
Eternity,
And the car flies off the cliff.

—Jackson Galloway

Reflections

Gaze deep, my friend, into the mirror,
And an image will appear;
One that seems so close to you
But isn't quite so near.
The mirror which you look into
Will never tell a lie,
And if you look so very hard,
You'll see yourself as I do.
The image that you see will show
The beauty which is you;
But when you look straight at
yourself,
Will you see it isn't true?
This face disguises a wicked soul
Of a woman who is untrue;
Whose love could be given this
very day,
But vanish tomorrow like the
morning dew.
So I beg you to look into the mirror,
In hopes that one day you'll see,
You have one face that I love so
dear,
But many that are destroying me.

—Jeffrey Speer

Jana (VI)

And here in the quiet,
The television mumbling,
I turn to you in my thoughts.
I remember how you spoke, your
voice ever-soft
In that meeting, to the ears which
could
Not
Decipher its meaning.
And my breath, choked that they
might.

—Kim Justice

And
I tremble in the stillness;
As
Again
I
Feel
Clinging to my body
The leaden chains
Of earth.
I collapse obediently
Under their indomitable
Weight,
Laughing silently.
—Stephen Hancock

I watch a flock of birds
Silhouetted against a grey winter
sky.
They flow above the trees,
Circling and falling with the grace
of the wind.
They fly deliberately yet free,
In the manner of the sea:
Ever in motion, never moving:
The world below them, dead and
freezing.
I sense a tap on my forgotten
shoulder;
I feel an alien voice, an alien
presence.
Returning to my body, the cold
damp shell.
I turn my head.
A chill runs up my spine
And my senses begin to harden.
I see a Man facing me,
As I return to Medusa's garden.
—Stephen Hancock

Unrequited Love

The dark black clouds race 'cross
the eagle's flight,
The soothing bliss is cracked by
Juno's cane,
The flaming torch of love has lost
its light.
The cherished love that Dildo
hoped to gain,
Has not been shot by Cupid's
poisoned dart,
And leaves her ripe to meet the
blissful plain.
The calls of birds do ring in Mary's
heart,
The April love is like a fading
shroud,
She longs to end the feigning of her
part.
Away she flies on Vesta's virgin
cloud,
To hide the seeds of grief she left
below,
His face unseen, his tearful face
is bowed.
The rain upon the stiffened back
does flow,
Lovers! There lie more colors in a
rainbow.

—George Roger Burrus

A Question of Faith

Why didn't I feel this way at
Grandpa's funeral? Oh, I remem-
ber—I knew that Grandpa had led
a good life, and God was taking
him up to Heaven. But my brother's
life didn't last very long. Will he
go to Heaven? He's done nothing to
be judged upon. He never had a
chance. A man's supposed to be
judged by God on whether he
chose good or evil for his mortal
life. But my brother was never
given the chance to choose.

Maybe he didn't have a soul. No.
God endows every person with a
soul. God is the one. He's the one
who snatched my brother from life.
I should be mad at God? But no.
That is a sin. I mustn't be angry
with God. But if He is the Creator,
why did He take a newborn infant's
life? The priest told my parents that
God took his life to test them, and
he told them that they must be
strong and must never lose faith in
their Creator. I mustn't doubt the
priest. That would be sacrilege.
But how can I believe something
that I don't understand? Why would
God question my parents' faith?
They have always been the best
Christians. And even if their faith
wasn't genuine, why would God
punish them in this way?

Merciful God, Creator of the
universe and always forgiving, how
could You take his life? He
couldn't have done anything good
which would have made You want
to bring him to You, and he
couldn't have done anything bad
which would have made You con-
demn him to the infernal fire for
all eternity. God, are You justified
in doing this?

—May we bow our heads in a
moment of prayer.

It is a dreadfully cold and dreary
day, with that desolate snow cover-
ing all the ground in an infinite
stillness. Just right for a funeral—but
are certain days good or bad for
funerals? It doesn't matter. For
there's a funeral anyway. This is
the third funeral I've been to, but
I don't feel that deep-down sense
of loss which can never be replaced.
Is that a sin? Of course not! How
could it be a sin? I never knew my
brother. But why are my parents
so depressed? It must be that they
feel cheated because they were
looking forward to another child
with great anticipation. Cheated?
No. That's not it. There is no word
that expresses their feelings.

—Hallowed be Thy name. Thy
kingdom come . . .

It's strange. At one moment I
was rejoicing at the birth of a
brother, and now I'm burying him
one day later. I feel like I did
last month—only more so—when
I thought I'd scored the touchdown
and turned around to see a flag on
the ground. Should I be mad?

But who could I be mad at? My
parents are the ones who brought
him into this world. But my parents
—they didn't cause his death, did
they? No, they weren't to blame.
—Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses . . .

Oh, it's useless, I'll never know. I
can't ask the priests. They couldn't
know. Is God the Creator? Or the
Destroyer? Or both?

Tears! Damn it, why am I crying?
It can't be for the boy I'll never
know. Is it for the boy I used to be?
—Lead us not into temptation, but
deliver us from evil. Amen.

And we all echoed, "Amen."

—Mike Baxter

The Beast

Graceful and beautiful
Is this cat.
On its fur a design
In black and orange
Covers its sleek body.
Under this appearance of
Beauty and grace
Lie many pounds of
Primitive beast.
With its shiny teeth
And sharp claws, it will
Prey upon its dinner.
This cat of sleek and graceful
Look with claws and teeth of steel
Will hunt the lands
Until it gets its fill.

—Doug Altenbern

In Memoriam A

The Morning sun lights the Night,
filled valley with so great a joyance
that I now feel a greater joy than
ever felt by any god on any
mountain—I have held this joy
only once before, in a
sun of old

But that past sun, as all suns do, met
the Afternoon and Evening and my
eyes filled with tears; the lowering
of that great sphere loosened
my inner heart; I told the stone-
hearted men my wretched tale,
but they laughed, telling of
future suns:

I had just lost the best sun
That past sun will not return any
day; yet the grass is greener and
the trees taller because of her
misunfit rays . . .

Today I also have a sun; we shall
dance and sing and live for one
day more. We will live through
rain and wind, ignoring the
clouds and the breezes; but when
the Night comes and the sun dies,
I shall once more shed tears . . .

—William O'Neal

Why Soccer?

It's another cold day of about
eighteen degrees,
And it's going to be another hard
workout,
With numbed fingers and skinned-
up knees,
With following the coach's orders
and listening to him shout.
With someone who plays soccer,
what's the matter?
In the bitter cold and slimy slush,
Why all the spirited chatter?
No one should be having fun in
this kind of mush.
Maybe soccer players are crazy
In a masochistic kind of way;
Or maybe their minds are just hazy,
And they don't know how to
play.
Actually, as any player will tell,
It's the idea of competing with
a friend,
Of practicing hard, of playing well,
And of obtaining victory in the end.

—Kirk Norling

An Incomplete List

The trees swinging in a brisk wind
and
Murmuring quietly;
The cool spring rain
Gliding down through
The luxuriant emerald foliage;
The rain-smell rising,
Permeating the wood and moss;
The calm, swishing speech of
The brook and the uncut meadow-
grass;
The hissing of autos on the damp,
leafy street,
And the disturbed weeds at the
roadsides,
Answering . . .

—Kim Justice

Relief

Twisted cables
Straining at gnarled, bony eye-roots
Surge out into the depths of my
eyelids.
Splattering out into a rainbow of
veins.

—David Schenker

A poem should be equal to:
Not true,
For all the history of grief
An empty doorway and a maple
leaf,
For love
The leaning grasses and two lights
above the sea—
A poem should not mean
But be.

—Archibald MacLeish,
"Ars Poetica"

The 1978 issue of XANADU,
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gomery Bell Academy.

Contributors . . .
Doug Altenbern '78
Mike Baxter '80
George Roger Burrus '78
Tim Crenshaw '78
Bill Elliston '78
Jackson Calloway '78
Stephen Hancock '78
Marcel Hawiger '78
Kim Justice '78
Kirk Norling '78
William O'Neal '78
Tim Owen '78
David Schenker '78
Jeffery Speer '78
Jeff Zager '78

Debaters Qualify For Nationals

by Mark Kaplan

The MBA debate team, after a somewhat confusing start, managed to wind up the year very successfully with Walter Robinson, George Cate and Joe Calvin qualifying for the National Speech Tournament of the National Forensic League at Northwestern University June 18-23.

With the absence of Mrs. Selma Ridgway, a lack of coaching presented many problems. She founded the team in 1965 and in the 12 years she was at MBA, produced some of the best debate teams ever to debate on a high school level. She acclaimed many national honors herself for her fine coaching.

The debate team had the momentum to keep going until a new coach, Mr. John Stevens, began working with the group in November. Nationally known for his high school and college debate careers, Stevens is a graduate of Vanderbilt University Law School and currently is working as a police officer for the Metropolitan Nashville Police Department. His debate coaching was invaluable as MBA went on to win the state debate championship for the third consecutive year.

Mr. Barry Edwards has been a faithful advisor to the debate team as well as teaching two English classes, numerous speech classes, monitoring the debate room and traveling with the team.

After mid-term exams, as the debate season approached its peak, Mrs. Lloyd Armour stepped into the picture to assist Mr. Stevens. Mrs. Armour helped in organization, as well as in coaching and travelling. She is greatly responsible for the debate team maintaining its stamina and progressing as it did so successfully this year.

The debate team has won many honors, keeping up with the past record of achievement. The team was led by senior Mark Armour and Walter Robinson, who placed in the top 16 teams at the University of Massachusetts, competing against some of the best high school debate teams in the country.

Robinson was named top speaker of the tournament. Armour and

Robinson were the Madison, Overton, Austin Peay State University, and Samford University tournaments and were second in New Orleans. They lost a 2-1 decision

in the final of the district debate tournament, denying them a chance to better their fifth place showing at the national tournament last year. Cate and Calvin then won the state debate championship in which Armour and Robinson were ineligible to compete since they had won the 1977 tourney. Cate was named best speaker of the tournament.

Looking ahead to next year, the prospects are good for another fine season. Dr. Kenneth Skena has been hired to coach debate and teach AP Biology. With Dr. Skena's leadership and the return of experienced debaters, the team should have another year to keep it standing with its past record of success.

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★ MBA Wins Contests ★

Spanish
by Eric Fenichel

MBA again this year entered the National Spanish Contest sponsored by the American Association of Teachers of Spanish and Portuguese. The exam was graded in two categories: those who have had no outside experience in Spanish and those who have lived in a Spanish-speaking area for at least six months. MBA entered participants in the first, second and third year divisions, and performed better than in past years.

In first year, George Cheij placed first in the city and second in the state with Jim Moyers placing fifth in the city.

Lynch Bennett and Steve Bruehl were second and fourth respectively in the city in second year. Jay Dembsky and Bruce Campbell tied for first in the city in third year. Eric Fenichel placed third and Woody Turner fourth.

Next year, MBA will send participants for all four levels, and Miss Seidler anticipates another impressive finish.

Chess Team 2nd in State

by Mike Baxter

The Chess Club is one of MBA's most underpublicized, yet successful, clubs. It meets eighth period Wednesday and Thursday and is devoted to the practice, study, and competitive aspects of chess. The officers of the club are Doug Cain, president; Chris Keaton, vice president; Dave Thistlethwaite, treasurer; and Morris Lewis, secretary.

Although anyone may participate in the chess tournaments, only the top eight players are sponsored by the school and compose the actual team. These eight students include seniors. Per Nordquist, Doug Cain, and Jay Hitt; Chris Keaton, Dave Thistlethwaite, and Gary Gutman, all juniors; sophomore Morris Lewis; and Mike Anderson, a freshman.

The first tournament in which this year's team participated was the Mid-State High School Chess Tournament in which they placed fourth over all and Dave Thistlethwaite achieved an individual second place.

They then moved on to the State Tournament where they tied with Baylor for second place, missing first by a mere one-half point. Individually, Thistlethwaite placed first followed by Mike Anderson in second place. Morris Lewis and Per Nordquist also scored points.

After this tournament the team went to Atlanta where they placed third in the novice division of the Southern High School Chess Tournament. Mike Anderson won his division and Dave Thistlethwaite won the under-1600 division.

The chess team has done very well this year and hopefully will do even better with the talents of the upcoming junior school members—Ted Carver, Stephen Collins, and John Heer.

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Latin
by Warren Coleman

For the first time in several years, MBA participated in the National Latin Examination sponsored by the National Junior Classical League in March. All students presently studying Latin took the test, and, as usual in most scholastic events, the school performed very well.

David Schenker, a senior taking his fifth year of Latin, was one of six high school students to win a college scholarship of \$200 and a \$300 award offered by the Vergilius Society to go to Naples, Italy, this summer.

The other awards were divided into the following categories: *summa cum laude* (a score of 35-40), *maxima cum laude* (a score of 30-34), *magna cum laude*, and *cum laude*. Those students in the *summa cum laude* category won a gold medal, and those in the *maxima cum laude* received a silver medal.

Students in Latin I who won gold medals included Martin Brown, Mabo Kono, Tom Wood, and Fred Zimmerman. Latin II winners are Alan Batson, Robert Clark, Harris Hatcher, Joel Slaton, and Jim Tully. Warren Coleman, Morris Lewis, Rick Seay, and Kelly Woodroof won in Latin III-IV.

New 'Sport' On Campus

by Bob Dale

There's a new pastime on the MBA campus this year, and it's causing great grief among the anti-gambling faculty members. This new "sport" is gambling. In the bathroom, locker rooms etc. the sound of dice and clinking coins can be heard frequently. An occasional card game adds spice to the boring study halls, but so far the mainstream is still dice games and pitching. Pitching is the age old game of tossing coins toward a wall or crack in the floor to see who can get closer and thus win the money. The library has been one of the major locations for these games, but under constant pressure from the ever vigilant faculty, new, more carefully selected locations are being used. Sooner or later, these spots will also be found, but one can be sure that when they are, it won't be long before the money flows again somewhere else. The MBA faculty opposes this student gambling because it directly competes with the racket of lounge pools. Punishment for those gamblers caught in the act has ranged from harsh rebukes to suspension from the library. No demerits have entered the scene as of yet, but it may not be long for this may well be the only punishment able to cope with this onslaught of gambling.

Math
by Steve Gibbs

March 14, MBA sent 30 boys to the State Math Contest at David Lipscomb College. At this testing center, 20 of MBA's participants placed in the top ten in their respective divisions. In the Advanced Topics Division, Wenning Harding placed second with a score of 97 out of a possible 140. Jack Mitchell placed third with a score of 84. Jay Hitt placed fifth with a score of 73, and David Linn placed sixth with a score of 70.

In the Comprehensive Division, Jay Dembsky captured first place with a score of 113, and is likely to place in the top three in the state. MBA swept the rest of this division with Tom Groomes second (103), Erich Fenichel third (102), Erich Groos fourth (101), Gary Gutman fifth (98), Jody Johnson sixth (91), and David Thistlethwaite ninth (79).

In the Geometry Division, George Cheij placed second with an impressive 102, Scott Campbell third (89), Andy Nelson fourth (87), and Steve Gibbs tenth (69).

In the Algebra II Division, Robert Clark captured first (96). Wes Roberts placed fifth (73), and Don Fairbairn placed seventh (65). In the Algebra I Division, Mabo Kono took fifth place with a score of 71 to round out MBA's successful performance in this contest.

Equally important, the National Math Test, also held in March, was taken by most high school math students, and MBA was successful in placing second in the state, continuing MBA's success in math contests.

French
by Josh May

Once again this year's French students rallied behind the leadership of Mrs. Hollins and Mrs. Bowers to take high honors in the National French Contest.

Placing first in the state in their divisions were Marc Chambers, Steve Hall, Jon Shayne, David Lyle, Rick Seay, Trey Poot, and David Schenker. Thirteen other students finished among the top five.

In the eight state region, Steve Hall and Jon Shayne finished first; Marc Chambers, Bill Galloway and Rick Seay took second places; and Tom Groomes and Robert Clark finished third and fifth respectively.

In the national contest, of 45,000 contestants reported, Jon Shayne finished third, Bill Galloway fourth, Steve Hall eighth, and Rick Seay tenth.

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LAST WILLS & TESTAMENTS

I, Doug Altenber, do hereby bequeath my war-clown spirit to Bob Dale, bad habits of past to Johnny Wagster, a glass of water to Hartley Hall, a jar of mayonnaise to Kelly Shackleford, and hunting the Lesser Mongolian Wombat to Johnny and Bob.

I, Bill Anderson, being of perverted mind and ---ed-up body, do hereby bequeath the following to the following: To the cradle and Bell Meade #3 I leave a pair of muddy underwear; to Joe I leave a wish of good luck (you're going to need it); to Dr. Crowell, I leave a slab of bacon to cook on his skillet; I leave our resident expert on bacon, Mr. Caldwell, to help Doc cook; to Mr. Tonto Medlin, I leave my Cherokee Chief Bow-and-Arrow set; and, to my Jeffery, I don't leave anything because he has it all (so I've been told).

I, Dee Anderson, leave with many tales of the big city to carry home to many friends in Jelton. Also, I leave my loud obtrusive personality to anyone who happens to notice it over in the corner.

I, Jim Anderson, formerly of sound mind and body until six years ago, do hereby leave my stereo catalog to Tom Rose for future study halls, to Dr. Harold Crowell I leave a lifetime subscription to *Skillet Sex*, the magazine for liberated bald people, to Ronnie "blueblood" Medlin, a sterling silver spoon to feed his children with, and my expired river's license to whoever has it at the moment.

I, John Eugene Anderson, do hereby leave the following: Tim Warnock to Mark Frost, knowing that they will enjoy each other; to Tan-Man a personality; 119 pounds to whoever wants it; a new wardrobe to Bobby Huddleston to Mrs. LeQuire, an abstract artist; and I.D. to the Daytona Police Force; a mother to next year's Daytona crew; my academic excellence to Fly so that he can appear Mr. Fly; and finally to Dr. Crowell some male hormones and a toupee.

I, Edmund Wesley Archer, being of sound mind and weeny body, do hereby leave the following: to Art Hancock, I leave the coveted title of "Weeny-Body," which has been handed down to me through Brion Friedman and Billy Anderson; to Dr. Crowell, I leave hair; to Tad Wert, I leave a map of Nashville's best parking spots; to Randy Foster, I leave a year's free pass to T's Disco; to Mrs. LeQuire I leave taste; to Craig Stewart, I leave a Great Dane to chase away Green Rabbits in the park; and finally, I contend to you gentlemen, that I leave Mr. Drake another cheerleader for next year's cross-country team.

I, Mark Richard Armour, leave all my debate trophies and various other memorabilia to be melted down into merit buttons for the new demerit system, rose-colored

paper to Mrs. Lowry for her ditto sheets of life; stature and power to the new Dean of Students; six years of endurance to anyone who thinks he can stand the test and come out all right; and at least a crack of sunshine to keep the trees growing.

I, Fred Ayers, do hereby leave Mrs. LeQuire's face on my AP exam. I leave Mr. Poston to David Templeton who will probably need him. I leave Scott Eskind my uncanny self control, so he still has none. I leave Ricky Bowers a tuft of Frank Novak's hair to ward off demerits, and finally I leave Ross Evans my good rubino game.

I, Stanley Bernard Jr., being of achieving mind and d-less body, do hereby leave: a Ford Mustang II car down blown off on the way to Memphis to Joe Average Aleph; my eating ability to anyone who can fulfill it; a dead tennis ball to Mr. Poston; my deepest sympathy to Dr. Fairbairn for putting up with the skilletheads, birdlings, and bagels of the '78 calculus BC class; a year's supply of napkins to John Dicker; my U.S.N.-MBA philosophy and the Woodmont Country Club Pool to Mr. Medlin; my dad's "Please excuse Stan Jr. from athletics because of a cold" notes to the great Mrs. G.; my sincerest appreciation and respect for the faculty and administration of Montgomery Bell Academy for helping make my education a most enjoyable and rewarding experience, and, finally, I leave MBA for Pennsylvania.

I, Roger Burrus, being an egotistical, stump-legged maniac leave the following tools to be used to cut a path through the jungles of the Hill: to Jimmy Griscom, a tin of Royal Danish to get him through the long mornings without Sue; to Mr. Hoyle, a Mr. Hibbett disguise kit filled with answers to all impossible chemistry problems; my body to a Sylvester Stallone look-alike contest; and, to Dr. Crowell a free ticket to the St. Louis Zoo to visit his friends in the black and white suits.

I, Doug Cain, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Dr. Fairbairn at least a modicum of taste in clothes and my sincerest condolences for having to deal with David Thistletonwaite one more year.

I, William T. Calton, Jr., being of questionable state of mind by John Neil, do hereby bequeath the following: To any prospective French III student, my ability to read only one French literature assignment and still pass for the year; to Jody Johnson, my self-written, soon-to-become best-seller entitled *What Is Your Drinking and Driving Limit?*; and finally to Whitfield Hamilton, my secrets for never having been to eighth period study hall from 9-11 grade.

I, Overton Colton, having graced this campus these last four years with my bod, leave MBA with

hope for its future prosperity and stability. With such a goal in mind, I would like to leave the students a few helpful hints which enhanced my happiness while at school. 1) Always look innocent (term applied loosely) and look like you are doing your best (if these aren't possible, try looking forlorn and apologetic). 2) Study only when absolutely necessary (the ten minute break is certainly sufficient).

3) Try to make as many friends as possible; you'll be surprised who'll help you out of a jam (after all a party is a party no matter what creeps is the host). 4) Teachers are people too (surprise!). Treat them with respect and perhaps they will be more inclined to do you a favor some time. (Also not that teachers can be canned like anyone else!) 5) And most important: Don't Get Caught! Be smart! There's a right time and a wrong time; a right place and a wrong place. (When Mr. Carter has just kicked out two students and the faculty is looking for blood, don't throw smoke bombs in Wallace Hall.) 6) If domestic relations also require good grades (flunked Latin and English—live in basement of bread and water) try paying attention in class!

I, Bill Crenshaw, upon my graduation hereby leave: reciprocity on innumerable twists to Scott Reigle, my "cold turkey's" vaults to Trey Alford, my hamstring love of track and dedication to the Sophomore Superstars, my Jack Daniel's Tennessee Squire status to Danny Todd, loose skin to Tim Owen, and a pair of plastic underwear and my acceptance to U.V.A. to Roger Burrus; and I hereby leave Mark Frost with Alpha Chi and an excessive sense of morality, Jay Dembsky to Rabbi Korf; Dr. Crowell with his fantasies of controlling Dr. Fairbairn's calculus class, Mr. Hoyle still not knowing when his AP chemistry class met; and to Mrs. Simmons I leave a letter of resignation so Patrick Wilson will quit rolling over in his grave.

I, Tim Crenshaw, being very anxious to finally get out of this place, bequeath: To Coach Lanier all of my dribbling ability to be bestowed upon Lawson Fort, a leap for Jeff Robinson, and sincere thanks for his efforts this year; my penchant for being late to assembly to Joe Davis; the all-night theme tradition to anyone that is man enough (or stupid enough) to take it. To Blake Strayhorn I leave the knowledge that he should have taken a certain girl to the prom; and I leave Mrs. Hollings before she can throw me out of class again and without taking my final exam (which she better exempt me from!) In addition I leave Mrs. Lowry one (1) Oedipus doll, complete with six (6) reasons for "sachets." Finally, I leave the MBA Demolition Derby to anyone who gets caught in the middle of a five car accident on Nolensville Road.

I, Pete DeLay, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to Chip, I leave class I never had; to Prune, I leave my arms; to Warlock, I leave Sunscreen; to Fly, I leave a sun lamp;

to the Priest, I leave a new medal and the Notre Dame fightsong; to Big Art, I leave a crush and 200 pieces of gum for next year's tournies; and to next year's Daytona crew, I leave the book, *Places to Go in Peking*.

I, John Dicker, being of sound mind and body (having never used either to any great extent) do hereby bequeath the following: My unrequited love to S.M. for he knows better than I how to use it, 346 rolls of Trey Fore's undeveloped film to the ghost of David Linn, because he will develop them in the hope that they contain some pictures of cheerleaders, and to next year's photographers my notebook of instructions on how to handle editions entitled "Punt."

I, Charles Duffey, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: my complex weight loss technique and map of Donegal to Fly; Dr. J., my Art History (AP) medals, and whatever is left of Stillwater to Father Bob; my black wrestling shoes to Mark Frost; a 12 oz. can of Julio's Popcorn Sauce to Coach Lenahan; my menswear size to Artie; Casper and next year's team to Russ; and my noteworthy accomplishments to Mr. Carter and the school.

I, Trey Fore, being of sound body and bizarre mind, do hereby bequeath the following: to the good Doctor Crowell thousands of deadlines almost prints, and lab reports; to Mrs. Lowry, a beveled barrowful of wrong ideas; and to the Hill, ...oh, ...well.

I, David Randall Foster, being of sound mind even after six terribly long years of MBA do hereby bequeath the following: 1) to the next poor soul who wants to be a soccer-style place kicker, one Fearless Freddy the Unflinching Football Fieldgoal Finger to be his friend when all other friends disappear and also instructions on how to survive practicing with the linemen; 2) to any loyal Democrat, my seat in Mr. Drake's AP History Class with the provisions that he laugh at all of Mr. Drake's not-so-funny jokes, that he defend the Democratic Party from the attacks of big-business oriented Republicans, and that he have a deep love for studying obscure points of the Constitution of the Confederate States of America; 3) to Joe Davis, my high moral standards along with my accuracy on PAT's; 4) to Howie King, my membership in the Jerry Mac Brigade of the Nazi Party; and 5) to Allan Cragon, my ability to be exempt in Spanish.

I, Jackson Galloway, leave to Mr. Hoyle copies of *Everything I Knew about AP Chemistry but Was Afraid to Teach and The Efficient Use of Lab Periods* to Dr. Fairbairn a wardrobe of Garanimals so that he will no longer tax his brain worrying over color coordination; to Flem Smith his spider hands; and to David Linn a new voice.

I, Rhea Gustafson, leave the pictures I never printed for Doctor Crowell to next year's photography staff("), a "skip-proof" parking space on The Hill to Preston Morgan (if he can find one), all of Mark Frost's "advice" behind, a week's credit of track practice to Mr. Drake, Linda and the Ramones to Tad, and my weekends to next year's Kite parkers.

I, Wenning Hardin, do hereby leave my respect for training rules to Joe Davis, my penchant for pyromania to Dr. Fairbairn, MBA's underclassmen to be converted by Dr. Crowell, a new perch on top of the gym to Lizard to catch escapees, Bacon Lip to his maw and paw, my basketball prowess or lack thereof to Bill Bonar, my anti-Jewish sentiment to Danny Todd, a place in my J.C.C. summer camp w/kitchen (oven) and bathroom (shower facilities) to Jay Dembsky, my weekday lunch reservations at Deli Junction to Jody Johnson, Roger Burrus' opinion of himself to Chris Latimer, and finally a new face to M. to make the library bearable.

I, Marcel Muller Hawiger, being hopefully of the same body and unchanged mind, do bequeath my lost semester in AP English to anyone who wishes to transform his mind into a ditto sheet; my access to JUL to anyone who wishes to read comfortably without constant harassment; my good luck to Barry, Freddie, Chuck (who really won't need it) et al; deepest respect to Mr. Carter for his school pride; my sincerest thanks to Mr. Drake for his concern and for making class an educational experience; my assorted medals to be melted for payment for lab time in AP Biology; 45,000 empty minutes to Mrs. Bowers; and my deepest conviction that only mankind can succeed in finding ways to suppress its own evolution.

I, William Howard Hawkins, do hereby leave to Bob Calton his own deep fat fryer and bibache, to Jimmy "Double J" Griscom my John Travolta record, to Chris Latimer a book of all my romantic experiences for all the ones he's told me, and to Bubba Evans Mr. Bennett and the active Service Club.

I, Jeff Haynes, of sound mind and very little body, leave Dr. Crowell and Mark Frost a free pass to "The Other Side" to join their penguin buddies, the Goodlettsville hicks and farmers to all of the Bell Meade society boys, my amazing half-time basketball display and my ability to collect splinters to Johnny "Gringo" Russell, the expectations of another way of gyrating "Texas Eel" story from Laura Cullum to Kevin Holland, a vast amount of unused playing time to Coach Shapiro, a one-way ticket to Minnesota along with a sun cure for the V.I., to Nathan Phillips and David Pack, a bottle of hair coloring and a pair of handcuffs to anyone who wants to go out with Beverly Ford, my prom pictures to the Visine Research Department, and finally my

(Continued on Page 12)

LAST WILLS & TESTAMENTS

nickname "Frenchy" to anyone who wants to continue this famous tradition.

I, Alan J. Hirshberg, do hereby leave a copy of the Torah to the MBA Library, a toupee to Dr. Crowell, a pair of loaded dice to Dave Peterstein, an unlimited supply of Quacks to Alan Cohen to be duly administered to all spacemen, a bowl of jello to Dan Hannon, and a copy of *How to Milk the Other Guy* at 333 to Honest Bob Levy.

I, Jayro T. Hitt, do hereby bequeath my soon-to-be-released volume of Jew jokes to Mr. Medlin, a one-way ticket to the South Pole to Dr. Crowell so he can visit his penguin relatives, a pair of binoculars to the Reptilian Surveillance System, and a pair of Jack Mitchell Wear'em-Plan'em's to Dr. Fairbairn's wardrobe.

I, William Henry Hobbs, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Alleen Garriot, I leave all of my problems on Monday morning hoping no one else will ever have them; to Dr. Harold Crowell, I leave my sincerest thanks for my thoughts into the twilight zone; to Ayers and Herbert I leave future tournaments . . . I, William Henry Hobbs, in full appreciation leave MBA, gratuitously a better person.

I, Hunter Hodge, being of sound mind and "body" do hereby bequeath the following possessions: to my pledge Kevin Smith, my extreme good judgment; to Seniorita Seidler a salt map of Spain and a chicken piñata for next year's Spanish III class; to Tom Rose I leave saying "A-L-A-I"; to John Beasley, my ability to have a well-planned party in hopes that he has learned a lot from my mistakes; to Mr. Gideon, a trip to "Warsing-ton" and "Winsconson," to Mr. Medlin my pinchable cheeks; ————— to Mr. Poston and a smile to Mrs. G.

I, Robert Holland, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: one base hit for Scott Riegle to use at an appropriate time, my rare ability to read downfield blocks to Tom Moore, my drinking ability to anyone who can keep up the pace, and to Craig Stewart the many difficult tasks of being the Honor Council V.P.

I, David House, being of sound, although somewhat bigoted mind, leave a belt to Alan Cohen, the Brick House tradition to Brother Johnny Russell; my Samurai sword to Bobby Levy; the ability to get along with freaks, dopers and other human trash at home; basketball games to Rucker Betty, and 5 or 10 of my math points to Kirk Norling.

I, Kim Justice, do hereby bequeath to the Eisen of Lorne and the Beasley of John my ability of the speaking, a fistful of tartar sauce to Dr. Crowell, and my ability to ignore incompetents to Scot.

I, Van Kral, do hereby bequeath to Jack a copy of *An Expert Guide on Being a Duke* imported from Japan by Edumpi Quakimoto, and to Robert, Bert, Bob, and Rob an alphabetical list of names and to Fairbairn I leave a slightly used 1967 MGB.

I, Timothy Charles Kurtz, being of sound mind and underdeveloped body, do hereby leave the following: half of my senior prom picture to the rifle team for target practice; my abilities to get into fights with people I don't know to Jody Johnson, my ability to drive in the snow to Kevin Holland, Bob Calton and Chris Whitton, the reminiscence of my sleek car to whoever will take it, fake ID's to the B. Masters; the secrets of the vein to H.H.S., and the rest I am taking with me.

I, Thomas H. Lanham, leave the following: to Lawson (Sot) Fort, one roll of Certs to mask his preschool activities; to Jeff Speer, my lust for Linda; to Porter, a free copy of the record, "Learning to Speak English"; to Jim Stewart, one oil change for his hair or car, whichever requires it first; to Roger Burrus, one mirror so that he will have a picture of his favorite person; and to Coach Lanier, one shot to the fan post and many thanks for his help in a great season.

I, David R. Linn, being of sound mind and round body, do hereby bequeath the following: to John Beasley, J.P., the Drama Club and several fruitless hours of and the Chorus, to Herr Doe and Bruce Campbell, the darkroom and unending photographic duties; to David Tume, 25 kilograms; to Mama Hollins, the early morning study hall, to Mrs. Garriott, any and all excuses to go home during a school day; to Dr. Fairbairn, an abacus so he can count higher than ten (10), to Mr. Gaither, that mighty sage, H. Prov.; to Owen Lipscomb, #76 and overwhelming distances in the shot and disc; to Mr. Drake a 40 foot string for his 40 foot shot putters and a missing blue book, and finally, to Mr. Carter and the school, a short respite.

I, Chris London, leave the Big Red for the Big Orange, and I leave my golf swing and long legs to John Hale.

I, John Donelson McWhirter, being of a somewhat sound mind and state of body do hereby leave MBA by the skin of my teeth, by several summer school sessions, and by the good nature of a certain few teachers; the secretaries of MBA with many, many unsolved mysteries; Kevin Holland the ability for the unique duty of instantaneous name-calling and prank making; the football program with my hate for Ryan and my well wishes for the success of the coming years; Jeff Orr my desire to go out with Betsy Wallace; Mr. Carter, the faculty and the school my deepest appreciation and my everlasting love for the school name.

I, Trey Poole, being of questionable sanity and questionable health after six years of MBA, do hereby bequeath the following: to the English Department, six years of English dittos with the hope that they can figure out why I'd keep them, or how anyone could write so many; to the Trophy Room, a copy of *100 Great Back-*

I, Chris Milam, do hereby leave to Bruce Campbell a barf bag, to Craig Stewart a picture of Carla that I found in my dresser drawer, to Tad Wert the metaphysic cosmic realities of existence and to Tom Stumb one beefy sandwich (he loves them so much).

I, Jack Mitchell, do hereby leave to Dr. Fairbairn the Source of the Dream Machine; to Van a platinum duck for his hood; and last but not least, I leave to Robert full ownership of my Nevada salt mine until it runs dry.

I, Kirk Norling, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath five dollars in quarters to Billy Rowland for one night of pleasure at an adult bookstore and an apartment at the Rokeye to "Lep" so that he can invite "guests" to his place once in a while.

I, Bill O'Neal, do leave the following: to Scotty Wallace the fertilizing rights to all my bushes; my ability to breath under great "pressure" to anyone who sits on the Trophy Room couches; to Lawson Fort my lack of full containers; to Tim Warnock and Phillip Altenburn the road map to Daytona Beach and Pete Delay's ability to conquer all foreign obstacles; my 2-1 first roll to Jay Dembsky; and, above all I leave my several thousand dollars for which I remain an MBA keyring and great pain between my ribs and my knees.

I, Jim O'Neill, being of questionable mind and hopeless body, leave to Dr. Crowell some hope for next year's annual and AP Biology course. I leave my well worn seventh position on the cross-country team to Mr. Drake hoping that he will find someone to occupy it for as long as I did. I leave my half of the extra-studious award to anyone who is stupid enough to take it. (The other half belongs to Chris Milam.) I leave Erich and Craig about a thousand I-O-U-A-rides, and I leave Bennett, Bruce, Tom and Scott absolutely nothing. Finally, I leave MBA hoping that everyone realizes that Bill O'Neal is NOT my brother.

I, Jack Drayton Patterson, do hereby leave Mr. Poston behind to count all my uncalled for demerits, all my quad components to anyone who wants the grief they gave me. Mr. Drake a plane ticket from Atlanta to Nashville (good only on days of track meets), and to Ricky Bowers I leave my honorary enrollment in HHS to care for and maintain.

I, Gregory Gordon Simpson, being of sound body and somewhat sound mind, do hereby leave Mullerhead one Gibby's plunge in Ft. Lauderdale; to Captain Carl I leave my membership in the 2021 club; to J. M. Poteet, I leave a copy of my favorite book, *The Hobbit*; to Bubby, I leave another cooler, in hopes that this one won't be demolished by an irate jeep in the park; to Russ Regen and Kevin Holland, I leave my love of hurting people in football games—good luck next year; and finally, I leave much respect and thanks to all those who made my stay at MBA enjoyable.

I, Stephen Cook Roberts, being of sound and non-existent mind, do hereby bequeath the following: to Bill "Bonehead" Bomar a portion of my shooting touch; to Coach Bennett a new practice schedule with Ricky Bowers in charge; to Coach Shapiro a new book and a new sportcoat for away games; to anyone who needs a lawyer in Florida, J.B., my own personal one; to Freddie Horton my studying habits, in the hope that they will be as successful for him as they were for me; the "Bug" to the nearest junkyard dealer who will give me more than \$10 for it; and to Jody Johnson my HHS affairs hoping he can handle them better than I.

I, Walter Robinson, do leave Mrs. Lowry a copy of *My Life as a Hand-out Sheet* and leave MBA knowing that its best teacher lives in Mobile, Buri, Mr. Carter.

I, David Schenker, leave a well-beaten path to Andrew, a dead fly to the Alumni Club, 3,746 labelled and numbered wood chips to Mr. Carter and the English Department, and, finally, I leave the 8:30 bell muffled in the golden residue of a candle burned at both ends.

I, Paul Stumb, do hereby leave my: Bible and Greek Tragedy, Poetry, Hamlet, Scarlet Letter, Short Story, Outside Reading and Essay notebooks to Tom for easy reference in Senior English; Mark Frost to wrestle Steve Howard; and the ever-present left-handed physics desk to anybody with a cold house and a good hatchet.

I, Mark Clayton Sullivan, do hereby leave Mark Levan my linebacker skills and headknocking ability with hopes that he can use them more often than I; to Dave Pack, Tom Moore, and Nate Phillips, I leave an autographed picture of Vixen and her brother; I leave to next year's Florida crew my ability to hang on to ninth floor balconies; and finally, before the Marines and I leave for bootcamp and Iwo Jima, I leave Dr. Fairbairn my straight-forwardness and suave personality.

I, Steve Wallace, leave Tim Crenshaw a copy of *Everything You Ever Needed to Know About Being Editor of the Annual But Were Afraid to Do*; Mrs. Bowers a door stop for the language lab; David Duke and Chris Latimer a mirror; Little Bob, John, Chuck, Barry and anyone else daring enough, mine and Bucky's Fridays; the school a bell that rings at 2:19 on Friday; B. Crenshaw and A. Hirshberg nothing because they think they have it all! Lisa to no one; Lizard a detective kit, smoke detector, and enough barbed wire to encircle the campus; John Hitt, Strayhorn, and 88 a one-way trip to Mars in my spaceship; and finally, I leave MBA, Mr. Carter, Mr. Drake, Dr. Fairbairn and the entire faculty and student body with my deepest appreciation and gratitude for my experience on the Hill, having learned that life is only what you make it. It's been fun.

and Bubby Evans a hotel room and various policemen to abuse in Ft. Lauderdale; and, finally, a student activity card to Richard Smith as he should still be one.

I, Jeffrey N. Speer, do hereby leave the following: my religion to anyone who loves abuse; absolutely nothing to Garry Zeitlin; the first copy of my book *Pre-Calculus and Its Interpretations to Dr. Fairbairn*; my backgammon ability to all the drunks at Sperry's and Shenanigans and to all of next year's second semester seniors; my love for Linda to Tommy Lanham; all my varsity letters to Robert Holland; the elusive Memphis girl to Jeff Haynes and lessons on what to do with her; and The Hill, finally and forever.

I, Jim Stewart, being of sound mind and body, hereby leave my sound body to Mr. Bennett's athletic department, my neatness and penmanship to Mrs. Bowen, all my funnies to Jim Moyers, and my position as varsity rottetaker to be divided unequally between Morris Lewis and Jim Moyers.

I, Paul Stumb, do hereby leave my: Bible and Greek Tragedy, Poetry, Hamlet, Scarlet Letter, Short Story, Outside Reading and Essay notebooks to Tom for easy reference in Senior English; Mark Frost to wrestle Steve Howard; and the ever-present left-handed physics desk to anybody with a cold house and a good hatchet.

I, Gregory Gordon Simpson, being of sound body and somewhat sound mind, do hereby leave Mullerhead one Gibby's plunge in Ft. Lauderdale; to Captain Carl I leave my membership in the 2021 club; to J. M. Poteet, I leave a copy of my favorite book, *The Hobbit*; to Bubby, I leave another cooler, in hopes that this one won't be demolished by an irate jeep in the park; to Russ Regen and Kevin Holland, I leave my love of hurting people in football games—good luck next year; and finally, I leave much respect and thanks to all those who made my stay at MBA enjoyable.

I, David Smith, being of abstract mind and concrete body, do hereby bequeath the following to the afternamed: three bottles of female con-cure to Whiffleth Hamilton; a copy of the *Harpeh Hall Directory* to Woody Turner; the burden of being the coolest guy on campus to my brother. In conclusion, the good I have perpetrated at MBA may be "interred with my bones," but the misapprehensions with which I have been associated may live after me.

I, Thomas Andrew Smith, being of sound mind and "wacky" body do hereby leave the following: to Freddie Horton a free pass to the Classic Cat II; to Mark Levan a marriage license; to Jody Johnson